

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1851.

NUMBER 51.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.
Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.
Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for Six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal: Wm. C. CASTON, General Agent.

C. MATHESON,
BANK AGENT.

At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel.
B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,

AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILLIAM C. MOORE,
BANK AGENT,
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant

CAMDEN, S. C.
REFERENCES—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSaussure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE,
FACTOR,
And General Commission Merchant,

ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.

Aug. 26. 68

JOS. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

(Office immediately in rear of the Court House.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.

Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention.
July 26.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)
Corner of Meeting and Hasell Streets, and in the immediate vicinity of Hayne and King Streets, Charleston, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

May 2. 35 11

JON. B. HICKLE.
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.

(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
May 6. 36 4m

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
Opposite the Post Office.
Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and Patent Medicines.

B. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 1, BROAD-STREET.

PRESIDENT, WILLIAM B. HERIOT.
DIRECTORS, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. MCBURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRAWLEY,
A. R. TAFT, T. L. WRAGG.

A. M. LEE, Secretary.
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector.
R. C. PRESSLEY, Solicitor.
R. A. KINLOCH, Medical Examiner.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for FIRE RISKS, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms.
W. M. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 36 1f

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILL PRACTICE in Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,
Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber is now opening a large assortment of **Groceries and Staple Goods**, in the Store lately occupied by William J. Gerald (south of the Bank of Camden,) which he will dispose of at Charleston prices for cash.

Those wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine the stock, consisting in part, of the following, viz:
Leaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Croix, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Lagnin and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
No. 2 and 3 Mackerel, in Barrels, Half and Quarters
Wine, Soda and Butter Biscuits and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sp. M. Oil and Wm. W. Oil

ALSO
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Oznaburgs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY.

Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.
Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of **GROCERIES**, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

ALSO
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsick best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at A. K. S. MOFFAT'S new Southern Store, third house above the Lank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, consisting in part, as follows:

Fancy and mourning Prints
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings
Blue Denims and Marlborough Stripes
Satinets and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Ke-seys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Gingham, &c.

Groceries.
Brown, Leaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffees
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mackerel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raisins, Pepper, Spice
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

Hardware.
Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Trace and Halter Chains
Axes, Hammers and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoes
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and sp. igs
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing of every description.
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crochery and Glassware
Gunny and Dundee Bagging
Kentucky Rope and Twine

Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.

The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce.
Dec. 24. K. S. MOFFAT.

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOTE, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.
Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.
Drivers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850. 86 1f

MANSION HOUSE.
CAMDEN, S. C.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto. As you find me, So recommend me.

E. G. ROBINSON,
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851. 11 1f

Just Received,
White Lump Lime, a fine article for White-washing, Plaster Paris, Cement Stone Lime, and Land Plaster for agricultural purposes.

For sale by
C. L. CHATTEN.
Feb. 28 17



THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Charles Dupont dwelt in one of those numerous small apartments which form the summit of nearly all large hotels or mansions in Paris. He was a young man about twenty, and as he stood at his garret window in the light of the summer's sun, smoking, as artists are wont to smoke, a short pipe, he looked handsome, and for many women, captivating. He was pale, thin, and intellectual-looking, with long hair, mustaches and beard. To an indifferent observer, he presented the aspect of one who was simply indulging in the pleasures of tobacco smoke; but such was not the case.—The house he occupied ran round three sides of a square court, the fourth being taken up by the wall of the next house. On the opposite side of the court, and on the same floor as that occupied by himself, was the apartment of a working-girl. This young person was remarkably pretty, and had been often remarked by the young artist, with at first only the admiring eye of a painter, but afterwards with more tender interest.

She was a very industrious girl. She rose early, almost with the sun, and went to bed late, as the young artist knew, for he often noticed her candle burning until midnight. Almost alone in the world, without friends, save a few students like himself, Charles Dupont felt himself irresistibly drawn towards that happy smiling face which had so often formed the charm of his garret window. Of late, the young man seemed unusually fond of smoking. Every moment not taken up by his art was occupied in inhaling the fragrance of the Indian weed. He scarcely ever went out now, his walks in search of scenery were abandoned, and never joined his more noisy companions at those public estaminets where the young hopes of France spend their hours in playing billiards, cards, dominoes, in drinking unnumbered glasses of beer, and in blackening short clay pipes—a perfect science in the city of Paris. But then, Charles Dupont was in love, and much as the cold-hearted and worldly may sneer, the influence of this passion, when sincere and pure, is always beneficial to a young man. The change it produced in Charles, was that always incident to elevated and superior minds, generally the simplest. He had no care now for noisy pleasures. His dream was to be near to the unknown idol of his heart, to sit by her, to read to her, to talk to her, and as these could not be, he was satisfied to gaze on her at a distance.

Plans upon plans were laid by the young man, to make the acquaintance of his fair mistress; but, like all sincere lovers, in the outset, he was timid. He remarked with pleasure, that she had very few visitors, and those always of her own sex. None ever escaped his jealous eye, who entered that room, and he never saw a man enter it. Charles sighed, however, deeply, for he too saw no chance of making his way to the side of his beloved.

One day, it was in the month of May, the young girl stood at her window, putting some

pretty flowers in water. She was dressed better than usual, and had got up a little later.— Charles Dupont was more struck than ever by the sweet smile that sat upon her face, and by her really singular beauty. An idea flashed across his mind. He took off his working blouse, passed his hand through his hair, took his hat, and went out of his room, locking the door behind him. He moved rapidly and boldly to the door of the young girl. Once in front of it, he halted. Charles was brave; and would have defended a barricade with cool determination; but there he hesitated. Mustering courage, however, he knocked gently. The instant he had done so, he would have given the world to have been away, and his heart beat so violently he could almost hear its throbbings.

"What is it I can do for Monsieur?" said the young girl, smiling and blushing, as on opening the door she recognised her handsome neighbor the artist.

"Mademoiselle," said Charles with considerable hesitation, "I fancied by your flowers and your dress, that to-day was your *fete*. I am your neighbor, and I thought I might take the liberty to come and wish you a happy one."

"Monsieur is very good. We are old neighbors, it is true though we have never spoken—" "It has not been for the want of wishing on my part," exclaimed the artist eagerly.

The young girl looked at Charles. There was so much modesty, resigned and respectful affection in the expression of his face, that she could not for a moment confound him with the usual mass of young men, who, caught by her pretty face, had sought to make her acquaintance. She held out her hand.

"Since we are neighbors, let us be friends," said she.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Charles, with a burst of genuine gratitude. "Mademoiselle, you do me good. I have no friends. I scarcely ever see a human face which has any sympathy for me. If Mademoiselle would only let me paint her portrait, it would give me so much pleasure."

"But, Monsieur, it would be encroaching on your goodness," replied Constance, who, however, looked excessively pleased.

"You accept then?"

"Why, Monsieur, I never had my portrait painted. How could I refuse?"

"We would begin to-day, but this is your *fete*. Would Mademoiselle allow me the honor of taking her out for a walk?"

Constance, after a moment's hesitation, accepted. When one is young, one makes friends so easily, especially in France; and then Charles had the talent of making himself liked by everybody. He entered her little room, so neat, so clean, so pretty, it made him sigh, as he compared it with his own bachelor den, where no woman's hand had for many months disturbed either dust or cobwebs. In ten minutes Constance was ready. She put on a nice bonnet and a neat shawl, the fruits of her industry, and then tripped down stairs happy as a bird, for we may as well reveal the secret. Constance had for more than a month longed as much to make the pale young artist's acquaintance, as he had to make hers.

They made for the Boulevards mechanically, as every body does, followed them some distance, crossed the magnificent Place de la Concord, the finest Place in the world, entered the Champs Elysees, and by common consent made for the Bois de Boulogne. It was a lovely day. But though they had both seen many such, yet they thought they never had. They scarcely spoke. Walked arm in arm, side by side, and in the wood hand-in-hand. Once Charles asked Constance if she enjoyed herself.

"I am so happy," she replied, raising her dove-like eyes beaming with happiness towards him.

There was something in the words, in the look, which made the young man's heart beat with intense emotion. Thus passed the day in occasional conversation, in constant walking until both felt hungry. They then entered the house of a humble *traiteur*, and the young artist offered his fair friend a very plain dinner, but which neither would have exchanged for the feasts of the Palais-National. Happy age! happy feelings! happy Charles! happy Constance!

Towards dusk they returned to Paris, and the young man insisted, on the occasion of the girl's *fete*, upon taking her to the theatre.— They selected a moderate-priced seat, and here again, the thing being rare to both, enjoyed themselves exceedingly. On leaving the theatre they walked quietly home and parted, to think with rapture on the happiest day which either had ever yet spent.

The acquaintance so pleasantly made was continued. Every morning they nodded to one another from their windows, and about mid-day, Constance gave the artist a sitting.— Several times, too, Charles brought in sketches to show her, and then in the evening he would get books from a *cabinet de lecture* and read to her. Every day their happiness seemed to increase. They learned each other's good qualities. Charles was well-educated, well-read, with a fund of anecdote, and rich stores of knowledge. Constance knew little, but she was an apt scholar. She had a quick intelligence, a noble and generous heart, and she was pure and innocent as a child.

For some weeks the lovers, for such they now were, went on happier, each day than the last. The portrait made little progress, because Constance could spare but little time, and because Charles talked more than he painted.— Still it went on. At the end, however, of a month, Constance remarked that Charles was paler than usual, and his spirits seemed gone, he brought no book in the evening, and went away early to bed. She questioned him, poor girl, for she was deeply anxious. She feared he was falling ill, that he was going to die, and then, poor orphan child, what was to become

of her. For Constance loved him dearly, as women only love men who are above the common mass; men of mind and intellect, though women who can love such men are more rare and precious than ought else in the world.

She watched narrowly the painter's face, and the wild eye and haggard looks made her see that the sufferings of Charles were more mental than any thing else. The mind was ill at ease. She offered to go in and work in his room, while he painted, but he stammered out some excuse, and declined. It was clear then he had a secret, and woman's curiosity was at once at work. She questioned him, she coaxed, she was cross with him, but all in vain, he returned but vague answers to all she said.— Constance became uneasy; what could be the matter? He became paler every day, and came less to see her. One day she heard him leave his room and go hurriedly down stairs. She ran out to speak to him, to ask when he would come back, but he was gone. His key was in his door. It was a miserable garret, containing nothing save a few paintings and a mattress on the floor. Not a chair, not a scrap of any thing in the shape of clothes or food.— Constance rushed out of the room, turned the key, and gained her own lodgings, threw herself on her bed and sobbed aloud. Charles was starving. A few pawn-broker's tickets lying on the mantle-piece had more than any thing else convinced her of this fact.

The pain and suffering now endured by Constance is not to be described. Her feelings were worked up to an intense pitch of excitement. From finding her affection lessened at the discovery of the student's poverty, she found it much increased. An uncharitable interest seemed now attached to the name of Charles. She felt his talents to be great, and in her heart was sure that he would rise to competence and fame. But at that moment he was clearly starving. What was she to do? She would have rushed to him, have told him all, and bid share her humble meal, use her little savings, and thus gain time to work; but she feared to wound his pride. He had hitherto kept his own secret, he therefore wished his sufferings to be concealed from her. In vain she thought of any project for relieving his misery, without betraying her full knowledge of it. The poor girl wept bitterly at her own want of inventive genius.

At last, however, an idea flashed across her mind. She caught up some work she had finished the night before, and putting it in a neat parcel, hurried down stairs, taking with her also the half finished portrait of herself by Charles. She gained the street, and made towards the habitation of a lady for whom she had been working. Madame Pellissier was a young widow, rich, courted, and happy. With every luxury and comfort around her, which wealth could give, she deserved her well-being, for she made good use of it. Fond of pleasure, she was even still fonder of giving pleasure to others. Many were the poor families which owed to her relief from misery and despair. Madame Pellissier would always give up the most charming day's amusement, to find out the details of some tale of sorrow which had been told her; and she felt, when her morning had been thus profitably spent that the afternoon passed more gayly, more quickly, more delightful than usual.

"Welcome, Constance," she said as the working-girl was ushered into her breakfast room. I was waiting impatiently for you. My cousin Pierre is coming to take me for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne by and by, and I want to wear that cloak, which, no doubt you have made charmingly."

"I hope it will please you, Madame," replied Constance, taking a proffered seat.

"What is that you have in that square parcel child? and why are you so out of breath and so pale?"

"It is a whole history," said Constance lowering her eyes upon the ground.

"Let me have it. You know I am vastly curious. Take this cup of chocolate, and tell it to me at once."

Constance, taking courage from the emergency, told, in as few words as possible, her history. She narrated how she made the acquaintance of the painter, and then how, after nearly a month's delay, she had found out his secret. Madame Pellissier listened with rapidly awakened interest.

"And what would you have me do, child?" said she, when the young girl had told her story.

"Madame, Charles Dupont is very proud.— Relief in money he would not receive, but if you would only be so good as to sit for your portrait to him, you would add deeply to that debt of gratitude which Constance already owes you."

"With pleasure," cried the young widow.— "But it seems the case is pressing. Give me his address, and I will send round to him at once. But I cannot pay him for the portrait until it is finished. Has he anything I can buy of him?"

"He has several little pictures in his room," replied Constance, in a tone of deep emotion.

"Go home, child, and be satisfied. My cousin shall ride alone to-day. I will write round to your *protége* at once."

"But, Madame, not a word of me!"

"Never fear, Constance; I know your good little heart." [To be Continued.]

Monsters of the Deep.—A Shark, of the Tiger species, measuring eleven feet nine inches in length, and six feet in circumference, was taken in our harbor yesterday morning and shortly afterwards, another was caught, measuring nine feet four inches in length. We understand that our harbor is full of these "monsters of the deep."—*Charleston Courier.*